

Your favourite doll comes to life in...

Barbie™

magazine

Every
fortnight
40p
6th to 19th
March, 1987

N°36



Inside: Barbie Rock Stars - Mel & Kim

from you to me...



Letters

Dear Barbie,

My dad was taking our dog for a walk when a policeman stopped him and asked if he had a licence. "No," said my dad. "I haven't taught him to drive yet!"

And he wasn't joking!

**Laura Carney,
Co. Fermanagh.**

Dear Barbie,

One day our next door neighbour had a wet suit hanging up to dry on their washing line. When our dog Muffin went out in the garden she started barking at it because she thought it was a person. It was so funny.

**Debbie McArdle,
Tyne & Wear.**

Dear Barbie,

Last week my cat Cindy was fast asleep under the clothes horse. Later on in the evening my mum decided to move the clothes horse and Cindy got so frightened that she got her head caught in my dad's pants. The last we saw of them was wrapped round Cindy's head as she tore through the cat flap at an incredible speed.

Carla Cassidy, Middx.

Dear Barbie,

During the school holidays my parents took my friend and I to a ten pin bowling alley. We had never been before and just as we were about to walk through the doors, my friend said, "Who stands the skittles back up when they get knocked down!" We all laughed and then Mum informed her that it was all done by machinery.

**Helen Chritoper,
Derby.**

Have you stopped shivering yet? We've been sitting in the Barbie offices moaning about the cold for weeks now. We've been drinking hot cups of coffee to help us thaw out each morning. I reckon I could just do with a modelling assignment to somewhere hot and exotic to help me forget about how miserable the weather is here.

Yours shiveringly, Love

Barbie

JOKE

CORNER



Tommy: Are you sure it's Christmas tonight?

Johnny: It had better be or else I've washed my socks for nothing.

Michael: Tommy, do you like kissing girls under the mistletoe?

Tommy: No, I prefer kissing them under the nose.

Mum: We're having Granny for Christmas this year.

Dad: I suppose it's cheaper than having a turkey.

Johnny: I don't know what to get Dad for Christmas.

Tommy: How about some bookends?

Johnny: What a good idea. They're the only bits he reads.
Shirley, Fannon, Eire.

What can you break without touching?

A promise!

Why is a pig in the parlour like a house on fire?

The sooner you put it out the better.

How do you catch a squirrel?

Climb up a tree and act like a nut!

Why is a lame dog like adding six and seven?

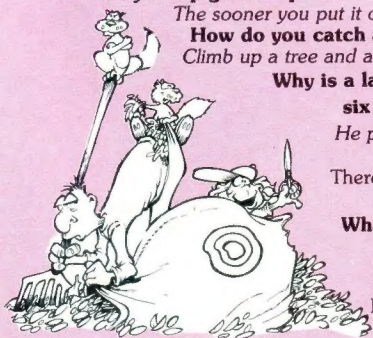
He puts down three and carries one!

Theresa Doyle, Co. Kerry.

What do people call Dracula?

A pain in the neck.

Natasha Hedley, Lancs.



Batty Books



The Bad Striker by Mr Goal
When Shall We Meet? by Miles Apart
Who Killed Cock Robin? by U. Dunnit
Don't Wake Baby by Elsie Cries
Weatherproof Clothes by Anne O'Rock
Louise Owen, Cornwall.

Don't forget, we pay five pounds for every thing we publish. Send your letters to: Barbie News, IPC Magazines Ltd., Youth Group, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

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RhymeTime

A friend is someone trustful
Who is there to lend a hand.
A friend is someone loyal
Who can always understand.
A friend is someone caring.
Who will never let you down.
A friend is someone sensible
Who can also act the clown.
A person with all these qualities
Is often hard to find.

But if you can't find a friend
Then be a friend —
That should occupy the mir
Lisa Ashcroft, Preston.



Sonia Schucroft aged 11 years old from Welling in Kent sent us in this drawing of Barbie. You are very talented, Sonia. Well done!

Hedgehog Tales



"Looks like we're in for a spot of rain," said Hilary Hedgehog. "I know! I know!" sighed Harriet.



"Think I'll just roll-over in these leaves, then," said Hilary. "Stupid fool!" muttered Harriet.



"Well, seemed like a good idea at the time," said Hilary. "Guess these leaves are a bit on the small side, eh?"



"If I knew **why** you wanted those leaves, I'd tell you if they were too small or not!" scolded Harriet.



"Can't stop to explain now!" said Hilary. "I've spotted another big pile of leaves!"



"I wish **someone** would tell me what's going on!" grumbled Harriet, as Hilary disappeared into the leaves. "You look such a fool, dear!"



"Hilary! Where are you? It's about to rain, you know! Oh, **there** you are!" smiled Harriet.



"Now tell me — **why** do you want those leaves?" Harriet went on. "Well, it's like this. . ." began Hilary, smiling.



She didn't need to say another word As the rain poured down, Hilary stayed dry under the leaves. "UGH!" spluttered Harriet.

The Blue Daffodil



The Blue Daffodil... a wondrous, glowing flower shining on a green bank, a flower fit for dreams.

And Sarah Warwick had been dreaming about it — till she woke up with a start.

I — I wonder why I was dreaming about the Blue Daffodil? I suppose it's because deep down I wish I could find out where it grows, because it seems the only answer.



That's Mum crying — she's in pain again!



Sarah's mother suffered from a rare disease. Only an expensive operation could cure her.

Oh, Mum, if only we had the money to pay to get you better but I don't see that we'll ever have that!



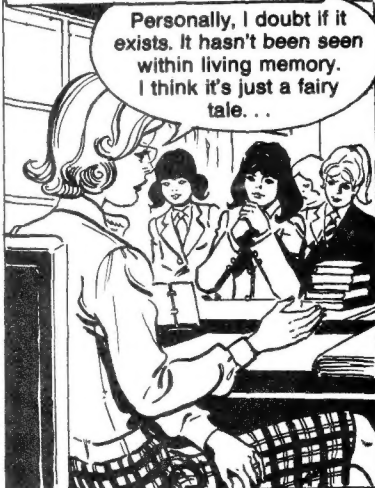
When Sarah went off to school next morning she was tired, as usual, from lack of sleep.



I've heard them say that if anybody found the Blue Daffodil, they'd get a lot of money for it — and a lot of money's what I need for Mum.

There was a legend that a Blue Daffodil grew somewhere near Sarah's village of Burnsdale. Miss Ross mentioned it that morning in nature study.

Personally, I doubt if it exists. It hasn't been seen within living memory. I think it's just a fairy tale...

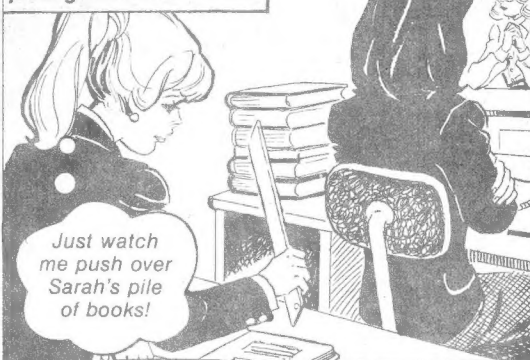


Especially as it's surrounded by superstitions like the one that says that only the good can see the Blue Daffodil at its best and benefit from it.



Only the good, eh? Sarah Warwick ought to be the one to find it, then. She couldn't be more goody-goody!

Helen Walker was always jeering at Sarah.



Just watch me push over Sarah's pile of books!

Was that you, Sarah Warwick? It must have been!



See me afterwards, Sarah. That must have been deliberate, and I'm surprised at you!



Too goody-goody to tell on me! I knew she would be.

Everybody in Burnsdale knew that Helen was a born liar and a bully. But usually she expected to get away with it.



Goody — Goody!

I've studied the legend and I believe such a flower exists. A reward of one thousand pounds to anybody who can bring me a genuine Blue Daffodil bulb! I shall be here in the village for a fortnight.



Sarah had more important things to worry about than Helen Walker, however. That night. . .



Oh, Mum, what are we going to do?

A thousand pounds! A fortune! Just for a flower.



On second thoughts, I think it had better be **you** that comes to see me afterwards, Helen Walker. That look on your face tells me a lot!

But just for once Helen didn't get away with it.



This is Mr Morton, who owns a chain of garden centres.

And then, next morning. . .



He's going to talk about that legend of the Blue Daffodil.

Sounds good — If it exists. Personally, I think it's a lot of hooey and you'd be wasting your time looking.

continued overleaf



You could search for years!

Perhaps it is a long shot – but it's the only chance I'll ever have of getting a thousand pounds for Mum...



Are you thinking about looking for it, Sarah?



Yes – whatever anybody else thinks, I'm going to. After all, the holidays start tomorrow.



Well, I'm certainly not going to slave around looking for the stupid thing myself. But there's no harm in keeping an eye on Sarah...

It was spring and only for another fortnight, perhaps, would the daffodils continue to bloom.

I've got to search a different area every day. Explore every nook and cranny.



A mammoth task – a task that made her want to weep from exhaustion. Yet day after day she struggled on.



Till suddenly it seemed too much.

It's hopeless! There's no such thing as the Blue Daffodil. It's hopeless!



She almost stepped on it as she picked up the map.



A beautiful flower that seemed to glow just as it had in her dream!

It's lovely! So lovely that just to have found it is enough! I don't even want to think about the money.



In the final part of this sad story, Sarah finds the 'Blue Daffodil', only to lose it again!

Forever Faithful

Stop pulling, 'Dallas' — I know you're dying for a run! We'll head over to Bramble Common, Skipper.

One morning, Skipper joined Barbie to go riding. . .

Right, Barbie — mind if I post this letter on the way?

Oh, look! There's old Tom and his dog, Faithful.

A perfect name for that dog — It follows Tom everywhere!



Mornin', Barbie, Skipper!

Woof! Woof!

Steady, Dallas — it's only Faithful.

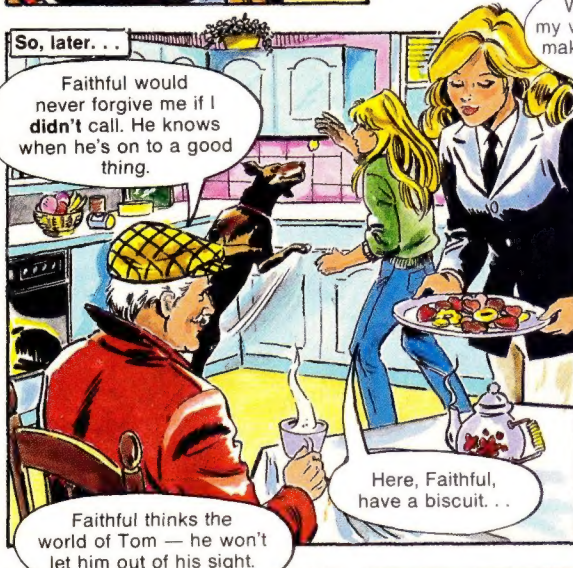
There! He just wanted to say hello. He's pleased to see you!

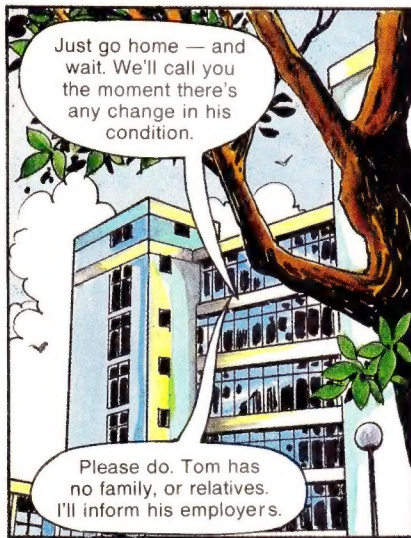
He wouldn't hurt a fly. Faithful's the friendliest dog in the world. He loves company.

Don't you, boy? That's why I haven't the heart to leave him at home while I'm working.

You'd miss him, too, wouldn't you, Tom?

continued overleaf





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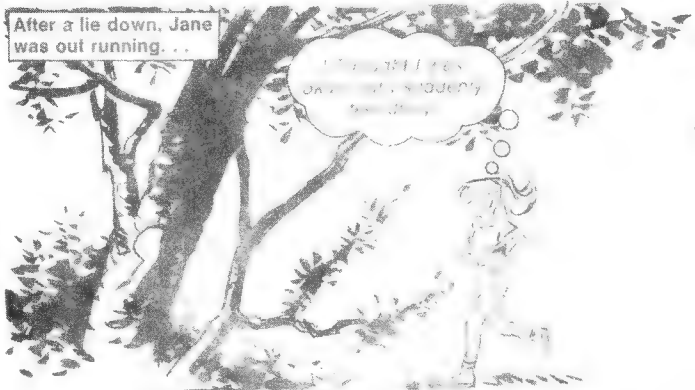


... Faithful had waited long enough!





Follow my Leader



And then...



Some minutes later...



Jane soon felt fine...



So you don't want to go home, eh? Or maybe you haven't got one to go to. I think I'd better take you in here!



Jane tried to forget about the puppy. Then a week later...



continued overleaf

Jane talked Dad round and everyone was getting used to the new member of the family. . .

Leave them alone! Oh, that dog!

Give them here, boy! They're Dad's boxer shorts, and you're an Alsatian!

Even Dad smiled! I think he likes him, really!

Off training? Good girl. Which route is it tonight?

Slow down, boy. I've got one of my dizzy spells! Just lead on slowly!

I'll keep to the roads, Dad. It'll soon be dark!

Mind you run some mischief out of that dog! 'Bye!

Next day. . .

You were my eyes today, boy, and led me home. I know, I'll call you 'Leader'!

I feel really well, boy! Here, off you go. . .!

Woof! Woof!

But within minutes of letting Leader off his lead. . .

Oh, no! The dizziness is coming over me again. . . I can't see! Leader, Leader, where are you. . . aaagh!

Crack!

Leader soon sensed danger. . .

Woof-woof! Growl!

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But Mrs. Blenkinsop was anything but triumphant.



It's all your fault! If you hadn't encouraged her, she wouldn't have dared run off on her own. And now — now I shall never see her again...



There's still a chance — If you'll only do as I say!



A few minutes later...



Half an hour later...



Some time passed, then the first of the dogs returned.



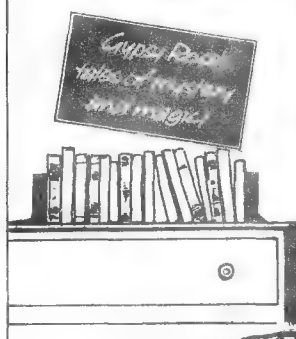
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Dora's on the 'firing-line' when Mrs. Siddon's soldier brother comes to stay!

HAUNTED BALLERINA

When Deanna Blunt bought an old mirror, she little dreamed of the terror it would bring into her life!



Deanna's burning ambition was to be a prima ballerina, and she had been thrilled when she spotted the mirror at a jumble sale, some weeks earlier.



This is just what I need for my ballet practice.



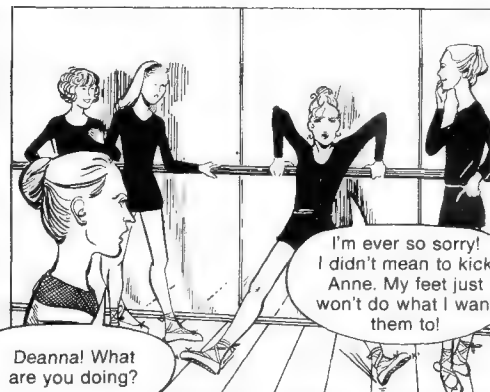
Deanna's father took the mirror home for her.



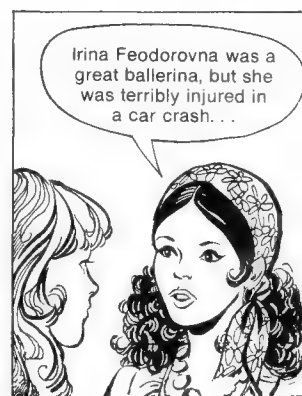
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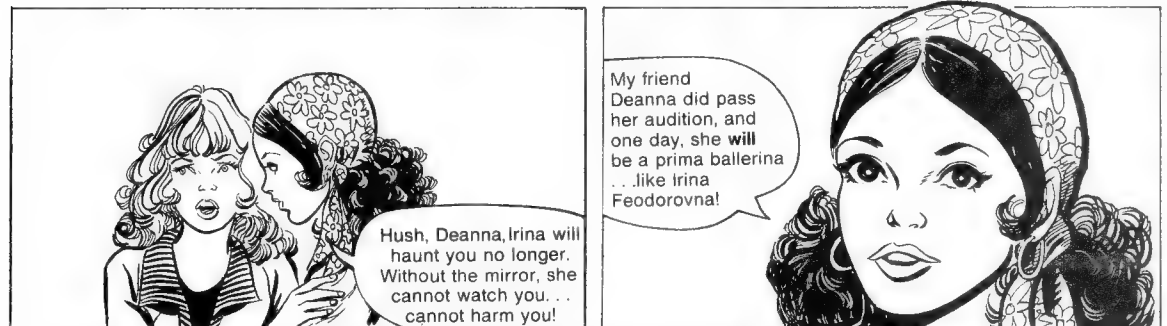
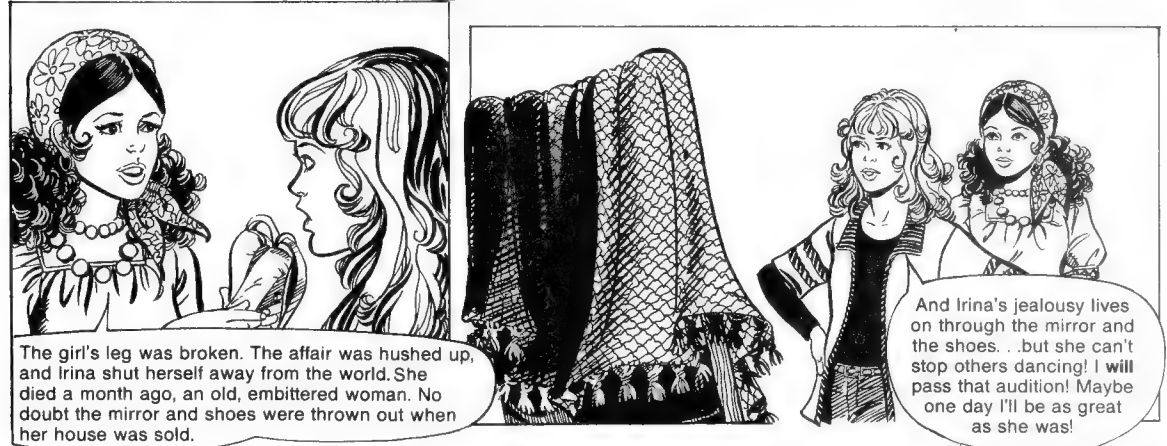
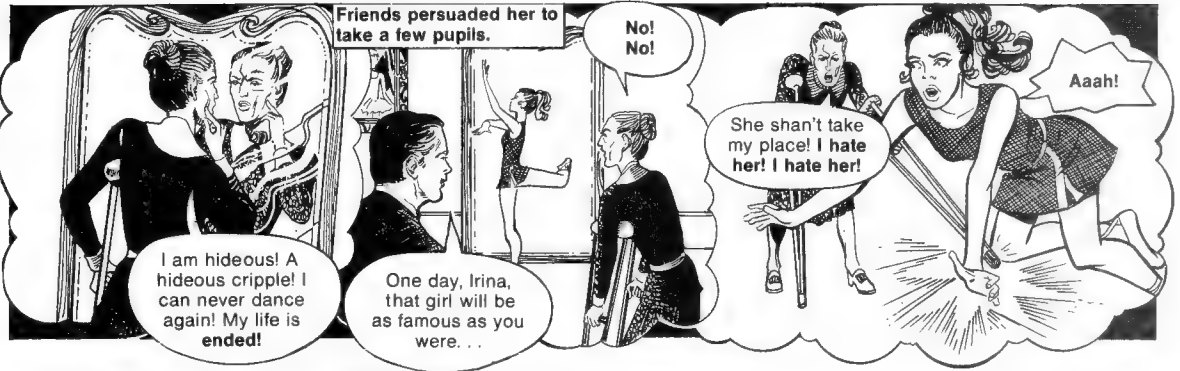


But, later, Deanna wished she had left those shoes at home!



So I visited Deanna and looked at the shoes.





In Gypsy Rose's next story, Sheila learns the hard way that money doesn't always bring happiness.

GIVING A PARTY?



Put
welcoming
candles on
your
doorstep!



Sticking closely to a specific
colour or theme makes
all the difference. Very
impressive!

Anyone can give a party. But not everyone can give a party that will keep friends talking about it for weeks to come! It doesn't need to cost much, either. The secret is to make things *look* great! Your guests will get the party spirit right at the start if you put some lit candles on the doorstep. Set the buffet supper out on a big table, against a wall, with a



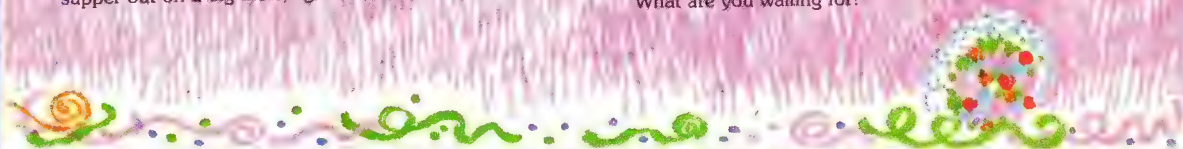
Fairy lights and small
tables give an
outdoor party a
fairytale touch —
magic!



For a finishing touch,
tuck flowers into
napkins and glasses.



mirror behind it, so that it reflects the pretty decorations. Drop a flower in the bottom of one or two pretty, shaped glasses, to add a rather exotic touch. Last, but certainly not least — the food! Look through your old copies of *BARBIE* and you'll find lots of tasty ideas! Now get your thinking caps on. Remember, the party of the year could be *your* party! What are you waiting for?



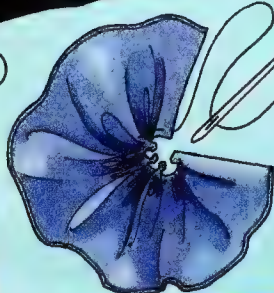


Here we show you how to make this simple but pretty hair decoration. Once you have tried one, why not make lots of different coloured rosettes to match all your outfits? We're sure all your friends will want them too!

Make a Hair Rosette

- ① You will need a piece of ribbon 15-20mm wide and approximately 16cm long. Sew with small running stitches along one long edge of the ribbon.

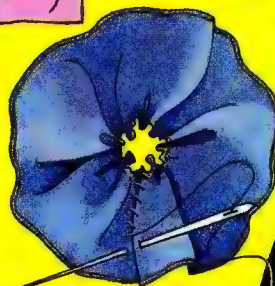
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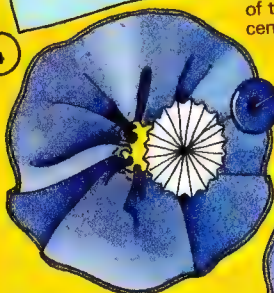
Keeping the needle on the thread, pull it up tightly to gather the ribbon. Work a finishing off stitch to stop it ungathering. Keep the needle on the thread.

③

Ease the ribbon into a rosette shape and overlap the ends. Turn under a little hem on the raw edges and oversew them together.

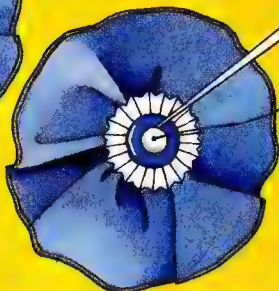


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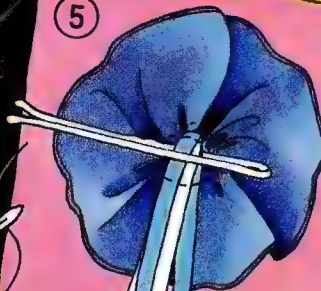


Thread on one large sequin, then one smaller contrasting coloured sequin and finally a small bead. Bring the needle and thread back over the bead and through the two sequins to the back of the rosette. Knot firmly.

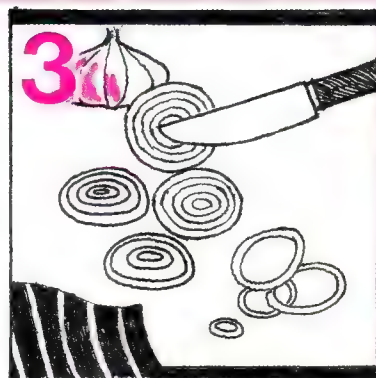
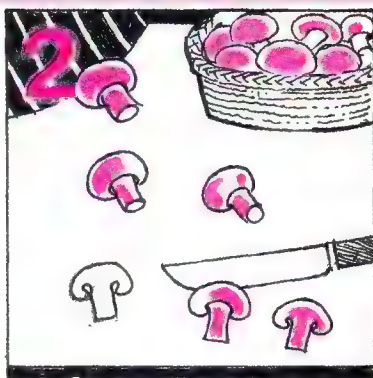
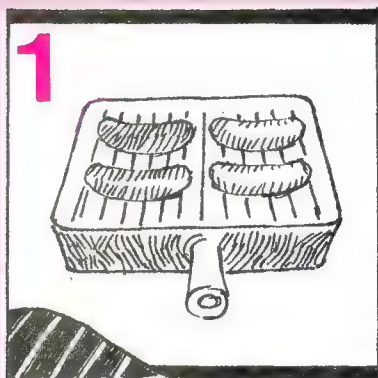
Attach another length of thread to the centre of your rosette.



⑤



You will now need two pieces of very thin ribbon each approximately 24cm long. Fold these in half and sew firmly into place on the back of your rosette so that a little loop is formed. Finally push a hair grip through the loop and your rosette is ready to wear.



What you need (for four people): 450g pork sausages, 100g mushrooms, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon cooking oil, 450g tin baked beans, dash of Worcestershire Sauce, some crusty wholemeal rolls, salt/pepper.

What you do: before starting turn oven to 190°C/375°F or Gas 5.

1. Grill the sausages slowly until cooked and golden. Drain on kitchen paper and put aside for later.

2. Wash, dry and slice the mushrooms.

3. Peel the onions and slice finely.

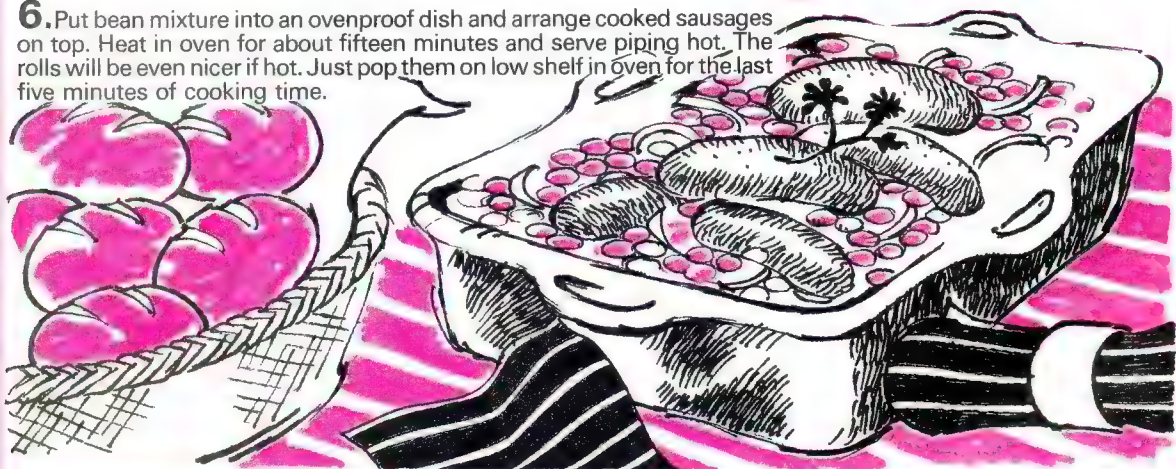
4. Heat oil in frying pan and fry the mushrooms and onions gently for about ten minutes.

5. Stir in the baked beans with their sauce, add a dash of Worcestershire Sauce (about 3 or 4 drops) and some salt and pepper.

6. Put bean mixture into an ovenproof dish and arrange cooked sausages on top. Heat in oven for about fifteen minutes and serve piping hot. The rolls will be even nicer if hot. Just pop them on low shelf in oven for the last five minutes of cooking time.



Sausage Bean Casserole



The Long Ride of Laura Rogers...

Laura Rogers was the daughter of a manager of a famous racing stables and loved nothing better than to watch the horses being exercised on the downs in the early morning...

They look so beautiful...

Oh, if only I could ride like that!

But that'll never be... not with this twisted leg of mine.

But all Laura's life had been spent with horses, and though she was unable to ride she was happy helping out around the stables.

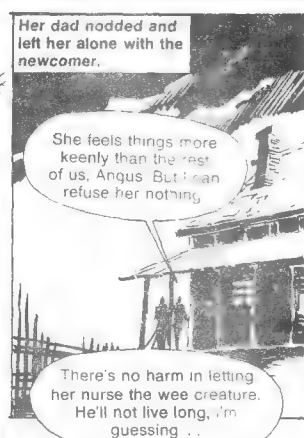
I'll always blame myself for her lameness! I started teaching her to ride too young. The mount fell on her and — well. But you're not here to hear out troubles.

You think we may have a story here for your newspaper when our foal is born. Sired by one of the greatest racehorses of all time from a mare with the finest pedigree you ever saw. We'll let you know on the great day.

We'd appreciate that. Like some photographs, too. Could be a nice story...

continued overleaf

But when the day came things worked out differently.



But Laura had other ideas. Day after day she devotedly nursed the baby...



And day after day he grew stronger. At last she had a horse of her very own...



Sometimes even her dad wondered.



But a clatter of hooves drew him to the window.



But rumours of a secret horse had reached the shady characters attracted to racing.



Let me go in and fetch him out. I'm the only one he knows. You may frighten him.



continued overleaf



She had not ridden in years and never like this. And she knew she would never again. So she rode and rode...

But Laura — and her horse had other ideas...



But it had to end. In the loneliest place she could find she said farewell.



But something miraculous had happened on that long, long ride through the skies.



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Barbie's TV PIN-UP

IT SEEMS there's *No Limits* to what lively Lisa Maxwell might achieve. For as an actress, singer, dancer and presenter, she's definitely *The Bizz* — and causing quite a *Splash* as she continues to pop up on the small-screen! You'll probably know her from one or all of those programmes. Now here's a chance to know her better as this issue's pin-up to add to your TV collection!

Lisa Maxwell



Fact File

- * Bubbling, blonde Lisa hails from South London.
- * At just 5, she attended Saturday classes at the Italia Conti stage school — originally, to have elocution lessons. But Lisa never took them, as such. "Instead I learned drama and later progressed to singing, and to study all aspects of dancing," she says.
- * Lisa joined the school full-time, after being auditioned at 11, and began working professionally at about the same time.
- * Her debut, in a TV situation-comedy, was followed by other screen appearances, including several in commercials.
- * 1978 marked her stage debut in London's West End, in the hit musical *Annie*.
- * Leaving stage school at 16, Lisa toured with a theatre company.
- * Her extensive TV work has included parts in such series as *Danger Marmalade At Work* and *Tripods*.
- * *No Limits* marked another first for her as a programme presenter, a role she loves. "It's hard work, but very exciting," she says.